

Dear Sir

Salt Office Saturday
21st April 1770.

Nothing has occurred since you left Town that I thought worth troubling you with till this morning when Mr Robertson (one of the Commrs of the Customs in America) arrived in Town with an account that he left the whole Town of Boston in the utmost confusion. The immediate causes of the breaking out of this ill Humor arose from some petty Quarrel between a Townsman & a Soldier. Each had their respective Partizans from words they came to Blows some were killed by the Soldiers & many wounded — The next Day ^{more} a general Engagement took place between the civil & military when the Commander in Chief to prevent further Effusion of Blood ordered the Troops to retire into the Castle, & the Commrs of the Customs are lodged there likewise — The Townsman were guilty of several outrages before the military retired.

The outline of the ensuing Lottery is said to be fifty Thousand Tickets, calculated at fourteen ^{such} Pound Each — Preference to be given to Proprietors of four Per Cents who ~~are~~ shall be willing to subscribe into the three per cent & thus reduce their Interest in compensation for which two Tickets will be given

at Ten Pound Each for every hundred (for it is to
other Subscribers that they are reckoned at fourteen
Pounds if the Proprietors whole is not subscribed
for by Proprietors of four per cent annuities.
My Informer was confused & so therefore must I be,
but the whole is not yet settled.

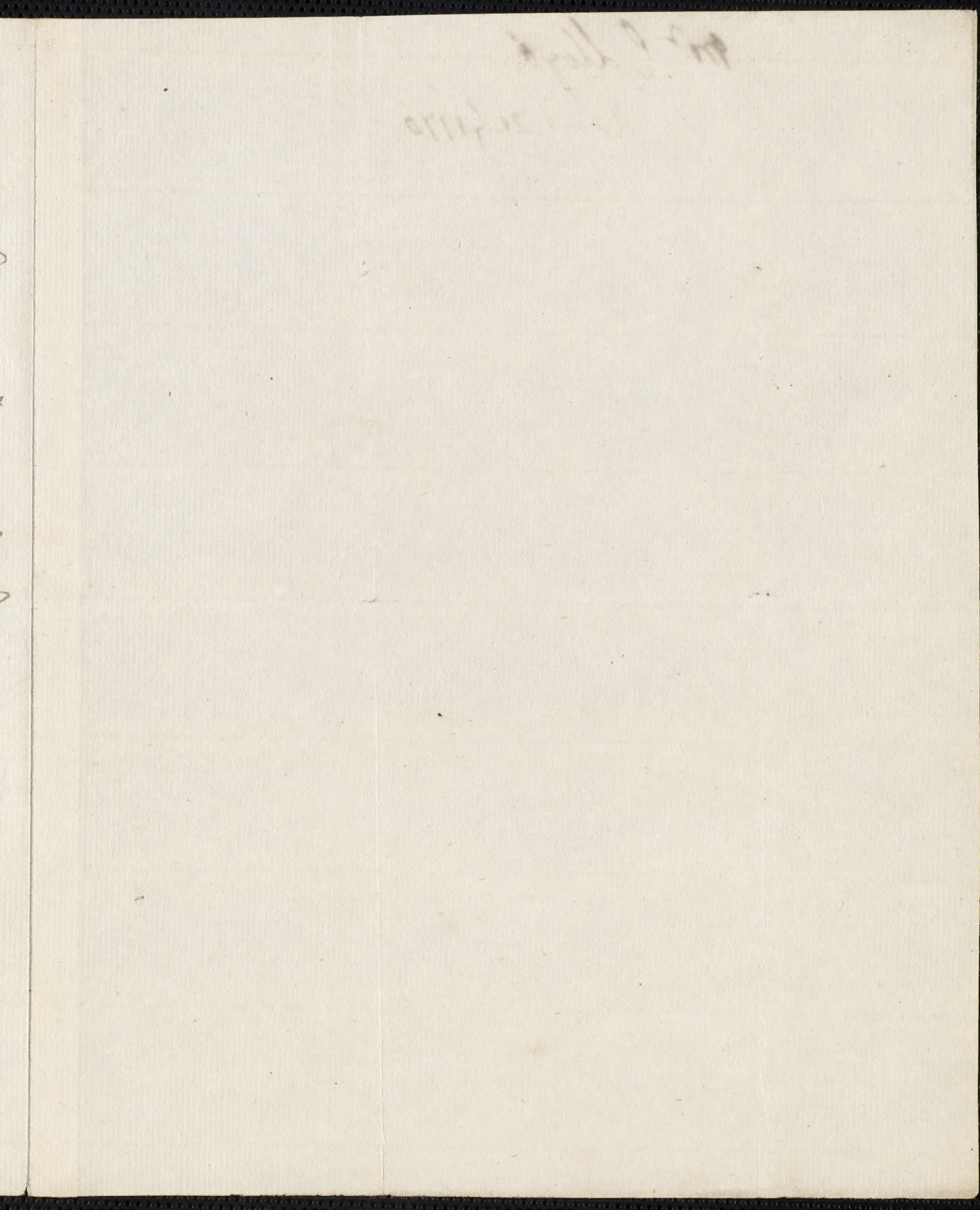
I beg my best Comps to your Sons & to be
believed with all possible Respect

Dear Sir

Your most Obedient
Humble Servant

Chas Lloyd.

* Dr Sandys dyed this morning Dr Robert
Bernard has begun his Law as for Westminster
I do not yet hear that any one opposes him.



Mr C. Lloyd

April 21. 1770